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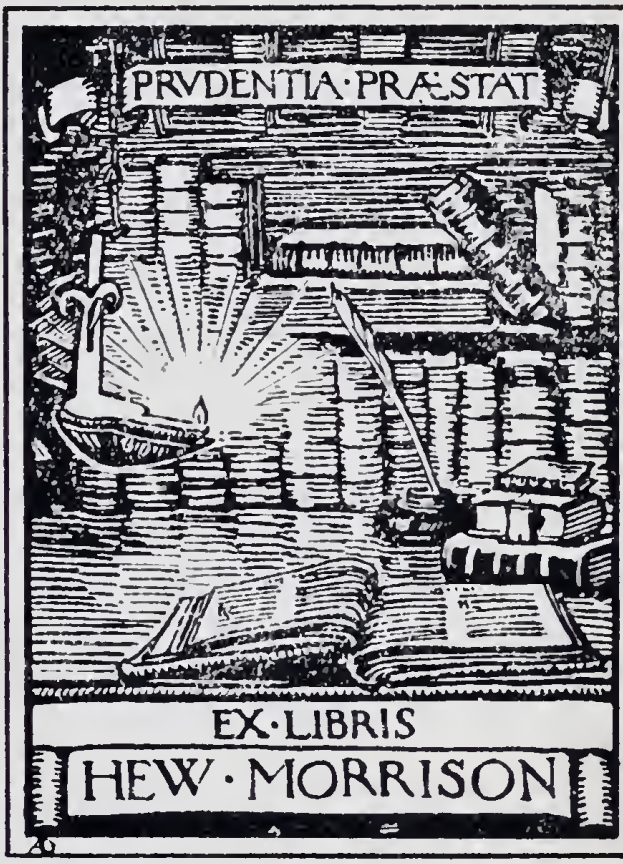

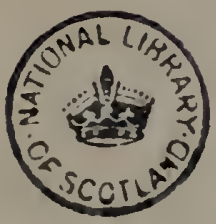
NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

Pamphlet (2)

A CHAPTER

FROM THE BOOK CALLED

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA

WHICH BY SOME MISCHANCE HAS NOT TILL NOW

BEEN PRINTED.

LONDON
GEORGE REDWAY
YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1340

The grand and diverting Scrutiny made by the Priest and the Barber in the Library in York Street.

"It is mighty well," said the priest, "but now we are in York Street, let us see this library of which you have told us so much." "With all my heart," answered the barber, and calling the housekeeper, he bade her light the way to the room containing so many curious books. They went up more flights of stairs than I can number, in short the sky was not far off, when the housekeeper stopped before a door and presently unlocked it. This she did, not without terror, knowing that many of the books treated of Magic, Necromancy, Spells, and Incantations, but the priest told her not to be afraid, since he was a Bachelor in Arts, and had his exorcisms on the tip of his tongue. He said this in jest, for he knew that books seldom hurt men in any other way than by sending them to sleep, and without

more ado they all went in, and setting down the candle, began to look around them. And the first book that Master Nicholas the barber put into the priest's hands was a piece written with the pen, being the two last books of "Ptolemy's Quadripartite or Tetrabiblion." "This," said the Licentiate, "seems a thing of mystery, for I suppose that the 'Quadripartite' was the first work on Astrology, of any account, written in the learned tongues; and from it have arisen an infinite swarm of commentaries, paraphrases, volumes of cloudy annotations, and the like. And from its weight and authority it has been done into all our modern languages." "That is true," said the barber, "and this volume was first translated into the Latin by Melancthon, and from his Latin into English. But I see here another version of it, the four books translated by one James Wilson; and yet another, with notes, by James Ashmead. But tell me, Master Licentiate, what is this book I have, the title of which I cannot read, for I do not know Chinese." "Nor is it necessary that you should," answered the priest, "but for all that, this writing is not Chinese, nor yet Arabic, but good Greek, and

spells: *Christologia*. This is a curious book, and should be curiously kept, for it is by that learned and exact Divine, Doctor Butler, Bishop of Durham, who wrote the 'Analogy.' It is said that he began to write this piece to confute Astrologers, and ended by becoming one himself. But what are those books bound in boards on that shelf at the back?" Taking the candle, the barber began to examine the books in question and to read out their titles. "Here," said he, "are the Select Works of one Porpery, or Borphery—." "Porphyry, you would say," struck in the Licentiate, "I know him well, though I do not understand him, since he is an obscure writer. And in this volume, I perceive, is contained the 'Care of the Nymphs,' wherein he makes old Homer as fantastic as himself; but yet his allegorical notions are beautifully set forth, and well contrived. But the translation, I see, was done by Thomas Taylor, the famous Platonist, who is reported to have sacrificed a bull to Jove in the back parlour of his lodging." "And here," said the barber, as he groped in his dusty and dark corner, "are more translations by this same Taylor, who indeed seems to have been

a very notable botcher of ancient doublets. This is the 'Fragments of the Ancient Pythagoreans,' this, 'Plato's Dialogues,' and here we have 'The Lost Writings of Proclus,' surnamed the Successor. Pray, Master Licentiate, where do these Successors live, for I know no family of that name?" "You mistake, you mistake, Master Nicholas," said the priest, not without smiling, "this Proclus was the successor of Plato, and (so he said) the last link of the Hermaic Chain. But let us have done with him, for I see on the shelf 'The Triumphal Chariot of Antimony,' by Basilius Valentinus, with 'Anima Magica Abscondita,' and 'Lumen de Lumine,' by Thomas Vaughan, called in Alchemy, Eugenius Philalethes. And just beyond is the 'Victorious Philosophical Stone,' and, by St. Chrysostom! 'The Comte de Gabalis.' All these, Master Nicholas, are exceeding choice reading, and books not to be found every day. But while I dip into these, do you put that great folio to the question, for though it be a big book, it may chance to be a good one also." And while the barber struggled with the folio aforesaid, drawing it from under quartos, octavos, and duodecimos

innumerable, the priest lifting his eyes happened to catch sight of a volume which made him put back "Lumen de Lumine" into darkness. "A jewel! a jewel! Master Nicholas," cried he, in so high a tone, that the barber left his task and came running, and said, "By what chance could a jewel or anything of worth come in a room where there are only books?" "I would not say," answered the Licentiate, "that I have here the shining and unconquerable diamond, or any store of right orient pearls, or mystical opals; but for all that, I have a book full joyous. It is, in fine, the treatise of Henry Cornelius Agrippa, or, Herr Trippa, as Rabelais styles him, on 'The Vanity and Uncertainty of all the Sciences and Arts.' Truly this is *liber jucundissimus*, and full of curious learning also. But bring hither that great folio and open it on the table." And when the book was brought into the light, it was found to be "Zoega de origine et usu Obeliscorum," and the priest began to examine it with great curiosity, for it had many plates of obelisks, choicely printed. However, he is not recorded to have said anything about this book, or concerning obelisks; and in this it would have been well if

others had followed his example of silence, for few can speak of obelisks and to the point at the same time.

But while the Licentiate was investigating the obelisks Master Nicholas was by no means idle, and presently called out, "Here, master priest, I have found a whole nest of curious books, and all engrossed by hand, and painted and adorned with figures, but as easy to read as print." "Declare to me the titles of some of them," answered the priest, "and we shall see if they be of any account." Forthwith the barber began: "'Collectanea Chimica: a Collection of Rare and Curious Treatises on Hermetic Science,' 'Mr. Yardley's Process for Making Gold,' 'Book of the Offices and Orders of Spirits,' 'Key of Solomon the King,'" and would have gone on had not the priest stopped him, that he might himself look into these volumes. But as he turned the leaves over, admiring the seals, pentacles, magic writings, circles, figures of the Cabala, and the like wonders of Theurgy, there slipped out a sheet of paper closely written on in a fine character. "What is that?" said the barber, as the priest picked it up and began to

read it; but he got no answer for some while. At last the priest said: "This, Master Nicholas, is a Relation of an Interview with a Spirit, showing how a man conjured a demon to appear and how they spoke together. But put it back in the volume of Divine Magic whence it came, since my blood begins to run cold. And see, what is that worthy folio yonder?" "This," said the barber, "is 'The Herball,' by Gerarde; and, as I am a Catholic Christian, here are images of all manner of sweet and wholesome herbs set in lively portraiture on every page. To speak the truth, this is just as if I walked in my own garden; why, I could almost pluck this sprig of borage and put it in a cup of wine (would that I had such, for this learned dust makes my throat mighty dry). And Lord! here is bugloss, of which a neighbour of mine makes so comfortable a syrup, and thyme, and vervain, and balm." It is probable that Master Nicholas would in this fashion have run over the whole Generall Historie of Plants, "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," but the priest cut him short with, "Master Nicholas, Master Nicholas, we are come

here to see books, not to hear nor to deliver lectures and discourses, unless, indeed, I have occasion to speak a word in season, to do which is a privilege that pertains to bachelors and doctors. Do you, therefore, instead of prating, proclaim, like a King-at-Armes, the style and title of the several books." Forthwith the barber began: "Oriatrike, or Physick Refined, being a new Rise and Progress of Philosophy and Medicine for the Destruction of Diseases and the Prolongation of Life." "Stay," said the Licentiate, "since this seems no common book, pray declare who wrote it." "One Val Helmont, it appears," answered the barber. "Say not one Val Helmont, for there is but one, and a most ingenious, subtle doctor. In his Oriatrike and his Ternary of Paradoxes you will find strange, unheard-of curiosities; as the Birth of Tartar in Wine and the Deliramenta Catarrhi, which means the Ravings of the Rheum. But read on." "The Discovery of Witchcraft, wherein is displayed Lewde Unchristian Practices of Witchmongers." "That, Master Nicholas, is Scot's Discovery, and a kind of barn where conjurations, horoscopes, witches' Sabbaths, necromancies, and

the like are stacked roof high." "That were an ill barn to sleep in on an Eve of May. But I have here a book that pleases me, for it is the Prognostications of Nostradamus, and that, I am sure, must be a very comfortable book." "It is so," answered the priest; "but do not read it, neighbour, for fear you should also begin to prognosticate, and so turn from an honest barber into a false prophet. Instead read me the title of that small volume you are handling." "The Open Entrance to the Shut Palace of the King." "I know the book, and have read it in the Latin, but can scarce say the entrance is altogether an open one. Rather it is a wonderful maze, adorned with mystical figures that shadow forth the Great Work. But what is that chest of books that you have opened?" "It seems to me," said Master Nicholas, "that this chest is full of Magnetisms, Somnambulisms, and Phrenologies." "I think you are right," said the priest, as he picked out one or two of the volumes, "and in the chest they shall for the present time remain, except this Swedenborg and Mesmer, which seem noteworthy." "But I wonder by what strange chance this old book called 'Scio-

graphia, or the Art of Shadows,' has got among these modern tracts on magnetisms, mesmerisms, and somnambulisms." (This came from the barber, who should have been an Inquisitor.) "It were hard indeed to say," answered the priest, "what shadows have to do with such grave and weighty books; but I see this is a work on making dials, printed in the seventeenth century, which may be called the age of dials, as this present time is the age of clocks. But what have we here? by Virgil's tomb none less than Delrio on Magic, and in vellum too. These, Master Nicholas, are, I verily believe, the most curious and wonderful six books in the world, fitted out with all manner of strange stories and quaint, stupend relations. For, believe me, the good father Delrio was not like one of our modern scribblers, who pick here and pick there, mingling scraps of all sorts like a cook making a stew, but rather one of those learned persons called by the author of Pantagruel quintessencers, or extractors of fifth essence, who do everything judiciously and admirably. Take him from my hands and lay him back softly in his stall, for fear he should fascinate me, and with his incantations root my

eyes to his page." But as the barber did this, whether he was over careful, or whether it was so fated, a whole battalion of books slipped out, and, without crying "Santiago," came charging on his skull, like men in mail. "Why this," said the barber, as he rubbed his pate, "is just as if the church tower or some such mass of masonry had fallen on one." "You say truly," answered the priest, picking up the volumes that had well-nigh overwhelmed the barber, "for here are whole hosts of masonic books concerning the Royal Arch Degree, the Flower Shushan, the Divine name, and the like secret matters of the Craft. But cheer up, it was not fated you should die so, as you may see, if you will, in this Complete Book of Knowledge, showing the Effects of the Planets, also Pythagoras's Wheel of Fortune, Palmistry, and the Interpretation of Dreams. But here I see all the wonderful works of Jacob Behmen, that Prince and Prodigy of all Theosophers. Here we behold, like Daphnis in Virgil, both the clouds and the stars, the Aurora, the Tables of Divine Revelation, and the Discourse of Souls, all irradiated in a wonderful and awful light.

But read on, what have you there?" "'Anima Astrologiæ; or a Guide for Astrologers,' by Mr. William Lilly, printed in 1676." "I know the book well," answered the Licentiate; "in it are the one hundred and forty-six Considerations of Guido Bonatus, and the Choicest Aphorisms of the Seven Segments of Jerom Cardan of Milan; but this edition of 1676 I have not seen before, since it is of the rarest." "And here, Master Licentiate, is another book by this same Lilly—namely, his Christian Astrology, modestly treated of in Three Books; and at hand I see a whole pile of thick and glossy books called Ephemeris, a word I do not remember to have heard before." "It is merely Greek for an Almanack," the priest answered, "and the plural is Ephemerides, though indeed it is not necessary for you, who are a barber, to know so much." "But pray, sir, among so many curious books, treating of wonderful arts, is there no pleasant and easy work showing a man how to live his hundred years or so with less trouble than many take now to live to fifty or sixty?" "We have seen something of this sort already, but I have here a choicer way," answered the priest, "namely,

Hermippus Redivivus,' and a merry, witty, treatise it is. But I am grievously afraid your wife would mislike the method, and would have you reinforce your radical heat and moisture after some other fashion." Now, as may be imagined, all this precise scrutiny had not been done in a moment; and as the barber began to say: "I think, Master Licentiate, we might do worse than cast our eyes over the books in those top-shelves yonder," the housekeeper adjured them from below to come down presently, unless they both had a mind to pass the rest of the night in cock-loft land. And so, with many regrets that they could not linger any more in this dusty and fantastic realm, the Licentiate and the barber went out and left the books in darkness.

[The library in York Street is still in existence, and visitors to London who are interested in curious old literature, should make a point of calling, when in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. A catalogue of the library has recently been published, and may be had on application to Mr. George Redway, the custodian of the books.—EDITOR.]

Price Threepence,

THE LITERATURE of OCCULTISM and

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